Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

OH, MOLLIE, HOW I LOVE YOU!

As dewy daisies at your feet,
As birds that sing above you,
You are as pure, and blithe, and sweet—
Oh, Mollie, how I love you!
The words are few,
But they are true—
Oh, Mollie, how I love you!

The poet sings his sweetest strain
To love and love's dear duty;
I can but gaze and gaze again
Upon your grace and beauty.
I can not sing
A single thing
But, Mollie, how I love you!

The rich man brings a splendid gift;
The soldier talks of glory;
My face to yours I can but lift,
And tell the same old story.
The song is old,
But true as gold—
Oh, Mollie, how I love you!

I can not call you nymph or queen;
My lips are so unwary,
Your own sweet name slips in between—
You're Mollie, not a fairy.
Oh, Mollie, how I love you!
The livelong day
I can but say
Oh, Mollie, how I love you!

—*Lizzie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

HER LIFE'S SECRET.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

Author of "Strangely Wed," "The Thornhurst Mystery," "The Maddest Marriage Ever Was," "Cecil's Secret," "A Merciless Foe," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"His wedding tour!" Mr. Killuth repeated the words. He was aroused to more than his usual energy, more than his usual interest, in a matter which did not pertain to his own individual comfort. Something of a sybarite he had always been, and selfishness had grown upon him with advancing years. "Without knowing why, I feel as if you were throwing away your life, Launt, as your father threw his away before you. I don't know why I am so prejudiced against that girl, unless it is through that unaccountable resemblance she bears to La June. Stranger than strange, in Rose Sangerfords' daughter."

"Stranger still, she resembles her moth—Mrs. Oliphant. Those two did not look alike, did they?"

"Not at all—not in the slightest degree."

"Then your imagination is at fault," said Launt, lightly. "Come down to Shoreden; they have taken a place there for the hot months. Remember that you only saw Dana with sea-distempered eyes. Come down and take a fairer opinion of my choice. It will do the old madame's heart good to know that you approve of her."

"I'll go," promised Killuth, to repent the promise as soon as the magnetizing effect of the young man's presence wore away.

Launt himself was all impatience to be off. To be absent from the object of his adoration was a trial to this ardent suitor, and on the afternoon of the third day after this he took the train for the seaside village where the Oliphants were choosing to pass the summer in retirement. Entering the depot he found himself unexpectedly face to face with Gordon Marquis.

"Leaving?" he asked, as the two shook hands.

"Going to the seaside, but not to your haven," Mr. Marquis answered. "I couldn't quite stand that. You know that the portrait stands over until a more favorable time?"

Mr. Farrington knew very little about it. He only knew that he had been sorely jealous of this blonde artist once upon a time, and that the artist had disappeared after his own accession to favor.

"Do you travel my way?" he asked.

"No, I take the other line. Give my regards to the cousin. The flashing Alexia is hardly my style; but still—

"'The dahlia that grows
Beside the rose
Has borrowed sweetness of her.
If one denies—
And the other vies—
What can I do but love her?'

"The sentiment is better than the poetry, I fancy, but if it fits the case, what does it matter?"

"If it does fit the case he is more of a coxcomb than I think him." Launt said to himself. With the happy disposition that can be off with the old love and on with the new at an hour's notice he had no sympathy whatever. Measuring Gordon Marquis from the standpoint of his own feelings, he pitied him most profoundly. "If I had lost her what would life be to me?" he asked himself, and somehow a ghastly fancy came flouting through his mind. His father had killed himself for the love of woman, and had not Killuth told him a hundred times he was like his father. Could he live if he lost Dana, now?

Happily, the fear of losing her was a thing of the past.

Lost in his own thoughts, a touch on his shoulder, his name spoken, made him look up with a start to behold Harmon Quest.

"Bound as I am, to Shoreden, Mr. Farrington? The family are there, I understand. As I go on business, for a day only, I wouldn't like to miss Mr. Oliphaut."

"He is there," answered Launt. "Have you entered upon that search you were speaking of, Mr. Quest?"

"For an heir to the France inheritance? Yes."

"With what success?"

"Small enough, but one don't expect immediate results after such a lapse of time."

"Perhaps I can give you a clue which will aid you. His wife died, but little more than a year after he was executed, in Cuba. Of the child, if there was one, I know nothing."

"Died. Are you sure of that?"

Mr. Farrington explained his source of information.

"And I wonder what interest you have in that old affair, young gentleman?" mused Mr. Quest. "What interest you will have I can readily enough guess, and it won't be a palatable bit of truth for your proud stomach when you come to know it."

"I'll not forget that you gave me the clue if it leads to what I think it will," he said, aloud. "Perhaps you'll like to know, as a sort of return, that Mr. Oliphant is about to make his will. Divides the bulk of all between his wife and daughter, as is everyway fitting."

"My regard is for Miss Oliphant herself, not what her father may leave her," said Launt, coldly.

"Oh, of course, of course. But considering that she isn't Miss Oliphant, and he isn't her father, I thought you might take some interest in the fact. I know, of course, that I am not telling secrets in saying this to you. By the way, Mr. Farrington, did it occur to you to ask who she *is*?"

"It occurs to me that you are exceeding the bounds of your position, sir."

"I would be if I should indicate, by any flight of fancy, that she could be the France child whom I am in search of. Don't look so insulted, my dear sir, I *don't* indicate it. But I wove the plot of a novel which I possibly may never write out of material not unlike those two cases, where the mother first disowns her own child, and afterward passes her off as an adopted daughter—the motive, of course, being the usual one of disgrace and danger. You couldn't imagine anything of that sort in connection with Mrs. Oliphant, now, could you?"

"I can imagine your becoming so offensive that I shall deny myself the pleasure of your further company," retorted Launt, as he left his seat and went forward to the smoking-car.

"But I rather think that idea will haunt him, nevertheless," mused Mr. Quest, and he was right. It did come back to haunt him when time grew older.

CHAPTER XII.

"NOTHING SHALL PART US."

Through the brassy splendor of the afternoon sunshine, through dust and heat, over a grassy common, into the green coolness of overshadowing trees, Mr. Quest made his way from the village station, straight almost as the crow flies, to the pleasant abode where he had been summoned to attend.

It was a roomy cottage, quite lost in a tangle of green, through which one caught a glimpse of the gold and crimson plashes of rioting roses, the shimmer of a fountain playing in the sun, the white gleam of the graveled driveway, and perhaps the waving of summer drapery at the open windows or in the low porches which surrounded the house.

"A deadly quiet, dull place," was Mr. Quest's inward comment as he turned in at the gate. "It may suit Mrs. Oliphant for reasons she best knows, and anything that pleases her will please her husband; it don't matter to her daughter, who is in love, and has her lover with her; but I doubt if it is the sort of life the fair Alexia is sighing for."

The "fair Alexia" was loitering discontentedly in the grounds when he came out, two hours afterward, from his interview with Mr. Oliphant.

She was dressed in some wonderful combination of Swiss ruffles and embroidery; the abundant mass of black hair was disposed in the latest approved style of waves and braids; the milk-and-rose face held its brightest color, and, in short, Miss Braxton made a vivid picture of well-dressed young ladyhood, who should have been dazzling some gas-lit scene instead of wasting her sweetness in the shadowy recesses of a lonely garden, with no one to see her but a fourth-rate lawyer of uncertain years.

She took a step forward, nevertheless, brightening visibly.

"It is good to see even you," she declared, frankly, if not flatteringly. "Why don't you make the best of your opportunity and stay with Uncle Power as his secretary or agent or whatever he wants, instead of starting off on such a wild-goose chase as that you were speaking of?"

"Stay, to let you practice flirting with me when nobody better offers? Is that the idea you have in your mind, Miss Braxton?"

"What a sharp little fellow he is to find it out," said Lex, composedly. "That's it, exactly, Harmon. A little flirtation won't do you any harm and it would amuse me. It was bad enough in Philadelphia, but it's worse here. Uncle and Aunt Oliphant exist in each other, Dana lives in the light of Mr. Farrington's smiles, and I am left out in the cold—driven so desperate that you would be a relief. I've set my hopes on you ever since I heard Uncle Power say he thought of getting you to fetch and carry between this and town. What's the use of having pretty dresses and wearing them if no one ever comes to admire me in them?"

Something like a gleam of inspiration flashed swiftly into Harmon Quest's eyes.

"You are mistaken in one thing," he said, in a low tone. "I would be liable to infinite harm. I would admire you too much for my own good if I were to see you often. Your amusement would be my madness. And yet, Alexia——"

A peal of laughter from Alexia cut short his words.

"Oh, my goodness!" she gasped. "Do stop! Harmon. I didn't think you would take me quite so literally at my word. You do it capitally, but I really couldn't stand it to be bored by love-making, from *you*. I came out here in a bad temper, as dull as death, envying Dana her Launcelot, but you have restored me to my naturally amiable condition."

"Yet you object to my playing Launcelot to your Dana?" said Mr. Quest, plaintively. "You might have your own Launcelot if you were she, I suppose. If you were the heiress, your charms would not be lost in obscurity. What would you give to *be* the heiress, Miss Braxton?"

"You are talking nonsense now," said Miss Braxton, shortly.

"I am talking the deepest sense, as you may live to see. What would you give if I were to make you an heiress? Would you marry me out of gratitude if I could put you in possession of a fortune?"

Lex laughed again. The idea of Harmon Quest making love to her was irresistible. Had he attempted it with Dana, it would have been quite in keeping with her appreciation of his illimitable "cheek." Lex rather liked him for that quality. She was "cheeky" herself; but not ungrateful, withal.

"I'd do a good deal for money," she said. "If you had the fortune and were to ask me to marry you, I might—— But no, Harmon, I wouldn't; not if you were to lay it at my feet. I won't raise your expectations only to disappoint you when the time comes. Do you expect to make it out of this detective experience of yours? Do you expect to prove me the missing heir of the man who was hung? I don't think I would like that at all. If my father ever murdered anybody I'd rather not know it, and he died in his bed, poor man! so it couldn't have been he."

"Nevertheless, if you should come into possession of a fortune some day, through my agency, will you give me the half for bringing it about?" persisted Mr. Quest.

"Oh, I'm willing enough to promise that," said Lex, flippantly, "provided it don't include any legacy Uncle Power may be leaving me in his will. I suppose he is leaving me one?" with a suspicious glance at him. "Is that what sent you so suddenly to play the devoted to me?"

"He never mentioned your name in the instructions he has given me," declared Mr. Quest.

"Well, then, I give it up as an unreadable riddle," said Lex, turning away, and Mr. Quest looked after her through the gathering twilight with a satisfied gaze.

"It's well to be guarded on all points," he reflected. "That will isn't drawn yet, and it may never be. I'm to have it written out and bring it down to sign by the end of the week, Mr. Oliphant says, but there's a little trip to Cuba, my dear sir, to come between. As if I couldn't see it was manufactured business to draw me away from that purpose! It bothers me to know how much he is a victim, how much *particeps criminis*.

A little earlier, when the bright hues of sunset were painted on sea and sky, our two lovers were driving upon a long strip of beach road, as level as a floor. They were reunited after a separation of four days, and Launt was ready to declare they had seemed four months.

"Your father need never think to send me away without you," he was saying. "My interests in the South may suffer—let them. It matters very little since I am to close everything out there when we go on our wedding-tour. It must be in September, not later, my darling, and this is only June."

"Only June!" echoed Dana, with a laugh. "And it was only May when we were both very miserable. You pretend to be happy, and time drags with you like that!"

"I am so happy that I am afraid it will not last. I am taking it for granted that I have you safe, and yet I am denied the promise indefinitely. I wonder, Dana, if your hard-hearted parents should demand you to give me up after all, if you would break my heart and your own to obey."

"I owe them so much," said Dana, wistfully. "And you, too, Launt! I never have realized, never can realize, that I am only an unknown waif."

Back upon Launt's mind, like an unpleasant wave, came that insinuation of Harmon Quest's. *Whose* child was she?

"Dana," he said, more gravely than he had spoken yet, "I accepted what Mr. Oliphant had to tell me, and asked no questions; he entered into no details. Will you relate what you know of your adoption, how it came, who your own parents were?"

"The last I am afraid I shall never know," said Dana, with a sigh. "And the story is a strange one. It was when papa and mamma were newly married, in New York, and about to sail. They had gone on board ship when a respectable looking German girl approached them with me in her arms, and asked, brokenly, of mamma, if she were the lady who was to take the baby. On being answered no, the girl, who seemed in trouble, broke down and began to cry. It appeared that a woman, representing herself to be the nurse hired by a lady about to go abroad, had repented the engagement at the last moment, and hired the German girl to carry the child on board the ship. This woman was in a great hurry to leave the city, and had gone an hour before the ship sailed. The simple German suspected no treachery, and it was only when one lady passenger after another disclaimed me that she grew alarmed. Mamma was the last one to come on board, and to mamma she poured out the whole story. Papa questioned her closely, but the girl only seemed confident of one point: that neither the pretended nurse, nor the mythical lady, was the baby's mother—this she maintained with an evidently honest belief. Who the lady was she could not tell. Either in her confusion she had forgotten the name, or only imperfectly understanding the language had mistaken it from the first. Well, she was for leaving me on the ship whether or no, and when it appeared that I would only be taken away to be sent to an asylum, my more than parents made up their minds to keep me. That is all of the story, Launt, as I teased it out of papa years ago; and I believe mamma's one regret is that I was not brought up in entire ignorance of the fact, and taught to believe myself truly their own."

"And did they take no steps to trace out your true parentage?" asked Launt, deeply interested.

"They were going abroad, as I told you, and never returned until we all came together. Papa did leave word for some one to make inquiry, but it came to nothing. No one ever appeared to search for me at the ship's office, at least."

A little silence fell. The brightness of sunset faded into the pearly after light. The monotonous thud-thud of the horse's hoofs on the sand, the roll of the carriage and the boom of the sea, all mingled vaguely in Dana's unheeding ears.

"Launt!" she turned to him, suddenly. "Repent of your bargain now if you ever mean to repent it. The despicable creature who abandoned me may have been my mother after all. Don't marry me unless you are willing to face that consideration. I can forgive you if you give me up now; later, I might not."

"Give you up!" cried Launt. "Not for anything you have told me; not for immeasurably worse. But it is strange, incredible—Charley, sir, what is it?"

It was only a curl of white foam breaking on the beach, but Charley, the horse, made a sudden bolt. Dana, taken unwares by the lurch, was thrown from the open seat of the carriage to the ground. In another moment Launt was out at her side, pale and anxious.

"No bones broken," she said, merrily. "I did think for a moment that the stars were shining below."

"Not hurt, Dana? Oh, but you are. There is a great bruise on your forehead. You have had a terrible blow there."

She put up her hand. The dark hair, waving low on her brow, had been pushed back, showing a livid bar running transversely from the temple.

"Look at me, Launt," she cried, dramatically. "Think once more. It is not a bruise, but a birthmark. A mark of shame and disgrace, perhaps, for all I know. I never felt as if I were doing you any wrong before, but I do feel that I may be now. No wonder Papa Oliphant hesitates, with such a mystery hanging over me. Let us say good-bye and part. You don't want a wife who is marked like Cain."

Launt stooped and touched his lips to the spot, then brushed the soft hair back into place with a gentle touch.

"No power on earth shall part us," he said. "My darling, my darling! how little you know me if you think a trifle like that could have the slightest effect on my love."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS ALICIA'S DISCOVERIES.

Mrs. Oliphant was languishing in spite of the sea breezes, in spite of the complete freedom she enjoyed from all social restraints. Her husband, who had been in ill health, was growing ruddy and strong; and he petted his pale wife and was infinitely watchful and tender of her.

"You have been trying to make an invalid out of me for years, Rose," he said, "and you have broken down under the strain. It is my turn now, and I am going to be physician as well as nurse; look me in the face while I prescribe for you, madam. In the first place we are to have a complete change. Seclusion for a time is all very well, but you are having too much of it. We will make the prescription so many grains of congenial companionship, so much of a hostess' duty, to be compounded with shopping and dress-making, the whole to have a dash of wedding flavor about it. You are torturing yourself where there is no necessity, and to put an end to it I shall insist upon naming the wedding-day for those impatient children; let them realize their dream of flying southward when the birds go." When the wedding is once over, this haunting dread of yours will be laid at rest."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Rose. "If there are disclosures to come let them come before it. Wait until that man Quest returns; if he has discovered nothing I will consent, not before."

A grave look, which had often rested upon Mr. Oliphant's face of late, came over it now.

"What it is to go astray from the straight road of truth and honor!" he said. "We have done it with the very best of intentions, and we are bound now in a net of our own weaving. I am beginning to feel, Rose, that we are not acting the right part toward Farrington. He is thoroughly earnest and manly; from looking upon him as an interloper and an unwelcome accession to our number, I can realize that he will grow dear as a son. I believe that we can trust him, that it is our duty to trust him with all the truth. Whether he takes her in spite of all, as I believe he will do, or leaves her then, we will have done no less than our duty to him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Hair-Dresser on Baldness.

I was talking the other day with Sauerwein, the eminent and learned hair-dresser, of Regent street, and while he trimmed my poll he said several things worth knowing. Here they are: "Baldness, when not the consequence of old age, is a disease, and it is a far more terrible enemy to overcome than white hair. No healthy person should begin to be bald till after fifty years of age, and yet a general lamentation arises of young people, barely in their twenties, losing their hair. Here, therefore, must be some defect of constitution, some disease of the hair, that should not exist. Headaches, and, indeed, almost every kind of suffering, whether of the mind or body, frequently cause the hair to fall. Too much study or thought or application of any kind will have a similar effect. Women are less subject to baldness than their brothers. Man works more with his brains, generally speaking, than woman. He also indulges in drink or other excesses more than women, and, as a rule, keeps his head covered more than women do. An Italian proverb says: '*Cappello uccide capello.*'—'Hat kills hair.' Hygienic precautions may do much toward maintaining the hair thick. I knew of a man who kept his hair thick, almost black, by never wearing a hat all his life. At eighty he married a third wife and had a third family of children. You must not expect, however, that your hair will never fall, even in health, nor need you be dismayed when you see hair come off when brushing or combing. Hair falls at certain seasons as dead as leaves from trees, to make room for new ones to grow. If, however, you see too many come off and the fall continues too long, then cut the hair as you would cut a faded plant: it will grow stronger, richer afterward. I once said to Sir Erasmus Wilson: 'I think we hair-dressers would have nothing to do if people cut their hair regularly, and wig-makers would be ruined.' Frequently washing in cold salt water is also recommended to prevent the hair from falling, and daily friction is good."—*Paris American Register.*

—There are in London ninety-three recognized clubs having over nineteen thousand members, who, on the average, pay an annual subscription of thirty-five dollars. The total income of these clubs is estimated to reach $3,000,000 a year.

—The dog-tax nets the different State Governments about $16,000,000 per annum, and the Commissioner of Agriculture says it costs $50,000,000 to feed them.

—It is estimated that the pawnbrokers of New York City, collectively, have fully $20,000,000 of pledges in their possession.

The Growth of New York.

Two hundred and seventy years ago the good ship Tiger, commanded by Captain Adraien Block, was burned to the water's edge as she lay at anchor, just off the southern end of Manhattan Island. Her crew, thus forced into winter quarters, were the first white men who built and occupied a house on the land where New York now stands; "then," to quote the graphic language of Mrs. Lamb, in her history of the city, "in primeval solitude, waiting till commerce should come and claim its own. Nature wore a hardy countenance, as wild and as untamed as the savage landholders. Manhattan's twenty-two thousands acres of rock, lake and rolling tableland, rising at places to a height of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, were covered with somber forests, and old, decayed and withered limbs contrasted with the younger growth of branches; and wild flowers wasted their sweetness among the dead leaves and uncut herbage at their roots. The wanton grape-vine swung carelessly from the topmost boughs of the oak and the sycamore; and blackberry and raspberry bushes, like a picket-guard, presented a bold front in all possible avenues of approach. The entire surface of the island was bold and granitic, and in profile resembled the cartilaginous back of the sturgeon." This primeval scene was the product of natural forces working through uncounted periods of time, the continent slowly rising and falling in the sea like the heaving breast of a world asleep; glaciers carving patiently through ages the deep estuaries; seasons innumerable clothing the hills with alternate bloom and decay.

The same sun shines to-day upon the same earth; yet how transformed! Could there be a more astounding exhibition of the power of man to change the face of nature than the panoramic view which presents itself to the spectator standing upon the crowning arch of the bridge whose completion we are here to-day to celebrate in the honored presence of the President of the United States, with their fifty millions; of the Governor of the State of New York, with its five millions; and of the Mayors of two cities, aggregating over two millions of inhabitants? In the place of stillness and solitude, the footsteps of these millions of human beings; instead of the smooth waters, "unvexed by any keel," highways of commerce ablaze with the flags of all nations; and where once was the green monotony of forested hills, the piled and towering splendors of a vast metropolis, the countless homes of industry, the echoing marts of trade, the gorgeous palaces of luxury, the silent and steadfast spires of worship!

To crown all, the work of separation wrought so surely, yet so slowly, by the hand of time, is now reversed in our own day, and "Manhattan" and "Seawanhaka" are joined again as once they were before the dawn of life in the far azoic ages.—*From Abram S. Hewitt's Address on "The Great Bridge and its Lessons."*

A Knock-Down Argument.

An ex-railroad manager, who in days past has ranked among the best and who well understands what is expected of passenger conductors, remarked yesterday that he did not approve of the methods now adopted to ascertain whether conductors were honest. He thought the tendency was to degrade the service and make dishonest men of those who were honest. This "spotter" business, he said, was creating a sentiment with the traveling public that all passenger conductors were thieves. This, he was satisfied, was not the case. He was confident that as large a per centage of conductors were honest as in any other service on railways, in banks or business establishments. He thought too much was expected of a conductor for the salary paid him. For instance, he is expected to dress neatly, and to do so he must purchase three or four suits of clothing a year, as the wear and tear in railroad service is great The conductor is paid $90 to $100 per month, and the earnings of nearly two months are required to clothe him properly. Usually a conductor is away from his home two-thirds of his time, and he is expected to board at a good hotel, to make friends for the road with which he is connected by keeping his end up in treating to cigars, etc In fact, he is subjected to numerous incidental expenses, the evading of which would damage his reputation and that of the road. He remarked that we laughed derisively when it was said he must have a good watch; if he had a poor one it would not be safe for him to run his trains by it. The fact was that a conductor's position, at best, was a responsible one and productive of large expenses, and he should be paid a good salary—one on which he could take care of his family properly and conform to all reasonable requirements of his position, which he can not do on $90 per month. He thought if conductors were paid $1,500 or $2,000 a year they would value their positions more, and, therefore, would be honest in their dealings with the company. He was satisfied that the charge of dishonesty of conductors was greatly exaggerated. A man's honesty could be usually rated by his habits on the road and at home. He would not employ a man who loitered around saloons, bucket-shops and gambling-dens, and drove fast horses. Conductors should be paid salaries which would permit of their laying by something for old age. He felt gratified always when he heard a conductor who had been on the road twenty-five or thirty years had a nice home or good farm, and he would be the last man to insinuate that because he has so prospered that such property had been purchased by stealing from the road on which such conductor ran.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—At a large gathering of people near Lenoir, in North Carolina, at the funeral of William Shell, an old and prominent citizen, a curious incident occurred. The clergyman announced that as soon as the funeral was over there would be a marriage in the valley near the cemetery. There was a regular race to the scene, and in a few moments John Hoover and Emma Wike stepped forward and were married on the stump of an immense tree.—*Chicago Herald.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Grape-culture is assuming large proportions in North Carolina. One grower near Charlotte expects to ship twenty-five tons of the fruit this season.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—According to the Weisz system of type-setting, recently introduced in Vienna, the type is cast in syllables, common prefixes, suffixes, etc., instead of letters, and a great saving of time is thus effected, it is claimed.

—A piece of oyster-ground off Milford, Conn., containing six hundred acres, has been sold to parties in California, who have been shipping seed oysters quite extensively to that coast to plant in San Francisco bay.—*Boston Herald.*

—A New Orleans man has discovered a new mode of tanning and preserving the skin of Louisiana's bird, the pelican, by which the feathers are not damaged and the bird's skin with the feathers on it can be utilized for making turbans and hats for ladies.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Those who object to the odors of the disinfectants used at the present day will find charcoal unobjectionable on this account, while it absorbs gases in a surprising way; pieces can be laid on plates and put out of sight in a sick-room.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The nettle, a growth common to nearly all of the States, and which has hitherto been a source of great trouble to farmers, has now been found to yield a fiber, which it is claimed, will supplement cotton in the manufacture of cloth. Cloth made from it, on trial, has been adjudged equal in texture and appearance to linen.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Swiss watchmaker in Pennsylvania has completed an automatic clock, which for intricate mechanism is said to surpass the celebrated one at Strasburg. During twelve hours it plays three musical selections, and 2,022 automatic movements are made. Of course, the machinery is so arranged as to permit the entire performance of the automatons taking place every fifteen or twenty minutes.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mr. F. L. Slocum has examined the ink for writing on glass and, according to the *American Journal Pharmacy*, reports that it is made by mixing barium sulphate, three parts; ammonium fluoride, one part; and sulphuric acid q. s. to decompose the ammonium fluoride and make the mixture of a semi-fluid consistency. It should be prepared in a leaden dish, and kept in a gutta-percha or leaden bottle.

—Patent plastering was a novelty exhibited at a recent building exhibition held in London. It is claimed for it that it saves both time and labor. The material is prepared beforehand in slabs which are fixed to the joists direct, with great speed, forming the ceiling at once. Thus, plastering which would occupy weeks to execute can be accomplished by this slab system in as many days. It is also claimed for this patent that the ceilings are fire resisting.

—Turpentine is regarded by many persons as an antidote to poisoning by phosphorus. It is not the ordinary turpentine which should be given, but the acid French turpentine, or old turpentine which has been exposed to the air long enough to have become ozonized by absorbing oxygen. If this be administered while the phosphorus is still in the stomach it changes the poison into an inert substance which resembles spermaceti. After phosphorus has entered into the circulation the only remedy is transfusion of fresh blood into the veins.—*N. Y. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The sale of boot-jacks last year was 91,000 less than the year before. Is this country going to bed with her boots on?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Three-fifths of the fashionable alligator satchels and pocket-books are made from pig-skin. This, at least, is the allegation, but perhaps the allegator lies.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"I am saturated to the epidermis," said the high-school girl, throwing her gum boots into the corner. "I don't wonder at that," replied her mother; "they give you such hard lessons at school!"—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The Crow Indians have been caught putting rocks in the bales of hay they sell to the Government. The day is not far distant when all Indians will be civilized enough to vote.—*Philadelphia News.*

—In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. Whoever has invested in prize packages can imagine the feelings of the average young Egyptian as he gazes on his trinket for the first time.—*Modern Argo.*

—"A beautiful Boston girl has crossed to Europe in the steerage of the Cunard liner, just to see how it was," says an exchange. For the same reason her mother has been keeping boarders to pay the daughter's expenses.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—They were approaching an ice-cream saloon, and she said: "Oh, Charley, I'm going to have a new dress cut bias—Oh—oo. S-p-p-p!—there's an ice-cream saloon. Goody!" "Yes, and it is like your new dress, for it will be cut by us;" and the horrid old wretch led the panting damsel across the street.—*New Haven Register.*

—Little Johnny says that when he was a baby, his mother tells him that he was as good as pie, and used to sleep all night and half the day. Now, when he does not get up the first time he is called, he gets a fearful scolding and occasionally something else beside. He can't see why what was praiseworthy in the infant should be reprehensible in the boy.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Miss Jenny Marks, of Baltimore, won a sewing-machine by making a guess at the number of pills in a bottle in a window. There were 25,100 pills in the bottle, and she guessed 25,190. There were over 5,000 guesses, and the worst one was a guess of 9,000,000. The man who guessed 9,000,000 was one of those fellows who get their education by reading gas-meters.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—It is estimated that the Illinois Central Railroad handles a million trunks in six months, unhandling not less than a quarter of them. It is a great trunk line.—*Chicago News.*